UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

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John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

In Memoriam

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT

March 13, 1840 — December 15, 1923

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Contents

EDITORIAL—

Statement.—J. H. H. 3
William Channing Gannett, D.D.—F. C. DOAN 3

ARTICLES—

Memories of William Channing Gannett.—CHARLES W. WENDTE 4
Dr. Gannett's Writings.—J. T. SUNDERLAND.... 6
A Sermon in Memory of William Channing Gannett.—DR. CHARLES H. LYTTLE..... 12

TRIBUTES FROM—

FREDERICK M. ELIOT..... 9
MRS. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER..... 9
CURTIS W. REESE..... 9
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES..... 10

THE FUNERAL OF DR. GANNETT—Addresses—

REV. SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS, D.D.; DR. MAX LANDSBERG; DR. RICHARD W. BOYNTON 17
Prayer.—F. C. DOAN 17

POETRY—

William Channing Gannett.—EVELYN H. WALKER 11
The Poet.—*Edwin Markham* 16
All's Well.—*David Atwood Wasson*..... 19

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIII | THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1924 | NUMBER 1

STATEMENT

This issue of UNITY is dedicated to the radiant memory of William Channing Gannett, D.D. (March 13, 1840—December 15, 1923), life-long friend of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and from the beginning associated with him in the publication of this paper. On the cover-page of the first number of *The Pamphlet Mission,* reproduced in this issue of UNITY, as in every issue, Dr. Gannett's name appears with those of Mr. Jones, Robert Collyer, Charles W. Wendte, and J. C. Learned as the "Publishing Committee." When *The Pamphlet Mission* unfolded into UNITY, Dr. Gannett joined Mr. Jones as the guiding spirit of the new enterprise. Of Dr. Gannett's achievements and character, of his wisdom, piety, saintliness and genius for friendship, the following tributes bear abundant witness. We rejoice that in our small way we can give salutation to this good man. J. H. H.

William Channing Gannett, D.D.

The readers of UNITY are too familiar with the outward events of Dr. William Channing Gannett's life to require any detailed biography of this great man whose death on December 15th removed from the liberal movement one of its gentlest and most benign spirits. As a matter of record, it is enough to remind our readers that Dr. Gannett was the distinguished son of a distinguished father, Ezra Stiles Gannett; a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Divinity School, the recipient of its honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity; the well-beloved minister of the churches in Milwaukee, East Lexington, St. Paul, Hinsdale and Rochester; the author of many sermons and a sheaf of hymn-poems in which Dr. Gannett continued to his generation the best thought and spirit of New England Transcendentalism.

When the history of the Unitarian movement of this country during the latter part of the nineteenth and the early part of this twentieth century is written Dr. Gannett's name will appear as one of the most forceful as well as the most spiritual of that group of men who defended the cause of religious liberty during the so-called "Western Issue." About fifty years ago the liberal churches of America were settling down into a rather narrow and very smug and contented sectarianism. There was great danger lest Unitarianism, founded with such high promise by Channing, Parker, Emerson and the rest of that early group of free spirits, should settle down and become just one more self-satisfied and self-seeking sect under the sun. It was a really great and grave issue. And the young Gannett set his face steadfastly forward, away from this creed-making tendency and toward a still larger freedom of thought and spirit. During this period of valiant, and what some of his straight-laced contemporaries regarded as a stubborn defense of religious liberty, Dr. Gannett early exhibited one of the two distinguishing characteristics of his spirit,—his perfect passion for freedom.

But it is for the second of these two characteristics that Dr. Gannett will forever be remembered by those who knew and loved him best. He lived constantly as in the very presence of God. "Practising the presence of God," to use Brother Lawrence's phrase, was as natural to him as breathing, and as constant. "Nearer than hands or feet" describes perfectly Dr. Gannett's unhesitating and unbroken consciousness of the oneness of his spirit with the Eternal. This indeed was the source of his great power and the secret, as well, of his fidelity to the spirit of true liberalism in religion. To him it was intolerable to think of any barrier, whether of creed or tradition, and no matter how true the creed nor how noble the tradition, as standing between any man and God. The genuineness of this spirit of liberty, blended with his own consciousness of God, is strikingly confirmed by his attitude toward the spirit of Humanism which has swept through the Unitarian movement within the last quarter of a century. Historically Humanism belongs in the main to a stream of thought widely separated from the Transcendentalism on which Dr. Gannett was brought up and which continued to be his philosophy to the end of his days on this visible earth. But many a time the writer has seen a smile of perfect tolerance and a light of perfect understanding shining from his dear face while he listened to an ardent young Humanist proclaiming the gospel of a struggling, increasingly triumphing God.

It was spirit speaking to spirit. And while his intelligence rejected the young Humanist's philosophy, his spirit understood and responded.

In one of his hymns, perhaps his greatest, Dr. Gannett uses the word "Shekinah" to express this consciousness of God, the term which the ancient Hebrews used for the "cloud of glory" which was supposed to rest between the Cherubim on the Mercy Seat in the Tabernacle. Shekinah, this cloud of glory, was to them the sign of God's invisible presence in the temple and therefore in the nation. Dr. Gannett takes this ancient symbolism and applies it to the great universe itself in which we live and move and have our being. God's tabernacle is everywhere! We can worship anywhere, —under the stars at night, on the mountain-tops, in the busy streets, in our counting houses, in our homes, everywhere. Everywhere is Shekinah, the cloud of glory, God's presence, visible to him who hath eyes to see.

Shekinah of the snow-flake, he,
And glory of the star.
* * * * *
He hides himself within the love
Of those whom we love best.
* * * * *
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought.
* * * * *
O, everywhere his Holy Place
If love unseal the eyes.

Shekinah everywhere! The divine glory, the divine wisdom and love, the great creative life of God everywhere! The strength of the hills: Shekinah! The glory of the stars: Shekinah! The love of friends: Shekinah! The daily round of duty: Shekinah! Clouds of glory everywhere, sweeping through the whole universe with free transforming energy and presence. That is God. That is Shekinah. It sings in all Dr. Gannett's hymns. It rings true in all his sermons.

Take, for example, his great sermon on "Drudgery." The only way we can endure the drudgery of life is to see Shekinah, a cloud of glory in each day's duties. Life is full of commonplace things and commonplace people, ugly spots, tiresome duties, tiresome people. After a while we get to thinking of the whole of life as a sort of blind alley leading nowhither and ending in a stone wall against which we beat our heads and break our hearts. Now the way out is not to turn back, not to evade the stern duties of life. No, the way of escape is through the upper air, so to speak—to rise out of your blind alley, on wings of the spirit to arise! and see your task from higher altitudes, see it with Shekinah, the cloud of glory hanging over it.

Or take his sermon on friendship,—"I Had a Friend." What is it in your friend, your loved one, that makes sacred and eternal the tie that binds you two together? Again it is Shekinah, God's presence. You see God looking at you through the eyes of your loved one,— the near presence and glory of God.

The reader must not suppose that this Shekinah is the kind of glory which blinds a man to the world's very evident ugliness and injustices. It never blinded Dr. Gannett in any such way. No doubt there was much in that inner sanctuary of the tabernacle that was rough-hewn and unlovely, great rude timbers, the smell of burnt meats upon the altar. But Shekinah was there, the cloud of glory, overshadowing and overtowering all the people and making smooth the rough roads they had to travel and making the waste places to blossom as the rose.

This then was Dr. Gannett. Pioneer; prophet and defender of religious liberty in America; a man who lived by the spirit with an abounding consciousness of God's living presence in this great universe and an abiding sense of his loving presence in these human souls of ours.

F. C. Doan.

Memories of William Channing Gannett

By Charles W. Wendte

The recent passing from this life of William Channing Gannett, the beloved seer, poet and saint of the liberal religious fellowship, calls for appreciation and reverent mention in the columns of Unity, the journal he helped to found, to which he made so many valued contributions, and with whose editor, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, he was so closely associated in personal friendship and common endeavors for freedom, character and fraternity. Alas, that the eloquent voice of his editorial colleague is also hushed in the silence of eternity, and we may not listen to the impassioned, affectionate tribute he, above all others, would have paid to William Gannett's memory and services! It may not be inappropriate for the present writer, who was a classmate with Jenkin Lloyd Jones at Meadville and with Gannett at the Cambridge School of the Prophets, and who knew the latter even as a child in Boston, and for half a century has been in warm personal relations with him as a friend and fellow worker, to lovingly recall him to the readers of Unity.

My first memory of William Gannett was when for a brief time he replaced his excellent sister Kate Gannett (Wells) as my Sunday School teacher in the Federal Street Meeting House, Boston, of which their father, Dr. Ezra Stiles Gannett, the colleague and successor of the sainted Dr. William Ellery Channing, was pastor. It was rumored among us that Will Gannett, our boy-teacher, was minded to become also a minister, but feared he was not good enough. As we gazed upon him we wondered what seraphic attainments might be required for that vocation.

Our next contact was when in the year 1868 I entered the middle class of the Harvard Divinity School. Gannett was a member of the senior class and we saw much of each other. One of the principal advantages

of the course at a theological seminary is the companionship with one's fellow-students. By common consent the most gifted and highly regarded among these was William Channing Gannett. Tall, well knit in figure and handsome of countenance, he was the descendant of several generations of New England preachers, and seemed fore-ordained by his predominatingly ethical temperament, as well as by the ancestral urge in his blood to become a minister. A Chauncey Hall, Boston, school-boy and graduate of Harvard, he entered the Divinity School in the autumn of 1861, but responding to the call of the Civil War, after a half year of study went to Port Royal, on the Sea Islands off the Georgia coast, in the first Freedman's Relief party, to labor for the uplift of the emancipated slaves. Later, when Savannah had been taken by the Union armies, he transferred himself to that city in the service of the Freedman's Bureau. In all he devoted three years of his life to this important cause, remaining until the end of the war. In the *North American Review* (1865) Gannett gave an interesting account of this Port Royal work. Its ethical and spiritual impression upon him appears in several graceful and tender poems, among his earliest printed productions in verse. A visit to Europe preceded his re-entry into the Divinity School in 1867, for two years' further preparation for the ministry. In 1867 there appeared in the *North American Review* his study of the recent Russian emancipation of the serfs. These early productions gave evidence of the large survey and sympathetic imagination, accompanied by conscientious, laborious work, which characterized William Gannett as an author. His ability to depict a movement of thought and summarize an era in a few concise sentences, as well as the vivid individuality of his style made his published writings—all too few in number—little classics, widely read and treasured. His biography of his revered father, Dr. Ezra S. Gannett, is not only a work of filial affection but an important source of information concerning the early history of the Unitarian movement in New England. Some of his printed sermons, treating of life-questions, such as "Blessed Be Drudgery," attained a large circulation in this country and in England, and together with his hymns and poems made him influential for the things of the spirit.

I enjoyed for a single year at the school the privilege of William Gannett's friendship, and maintained and cherished it through life, never more so than during these latter days, when we had both withdrawn from the stress of affairs to cultivate the fair amenities of life and prepare for its greatest adventure. At the Divinity School we had been brought together less by consanguinity of mind than by favorable circumstances. Gannett's father was my pastor, and we had mutual acqaintances. Gannett was four years my senior, and my superior in all that pertained to the thought-side of life. Serious in disposition, exquisitely sensitive to beauty in nature and goodness in man, a mystic in religion, controlled by a conscience that was imperious in its demands on himself and others, a remorseless questioner of facts and motives, but the gentlest of critics, humble to the verge of self-depreciation, loyal and affectionate—such was the man who more than any other influenced my career at the Divinity School, deepening my ethical nature and confirming my religious trusts and aims.

We confidently predicted for him a brilliant career in the ministry. Our hope has been fulfilled, though not in the way we anticipated. An intense individualist, radical in his attitude towards church doctrines and forms, unwilling to make personal concessions to popular demands where these seemed to involve the slightest surrender of ideals, William Gannett did not occupy the prominent pulpits or receive the denominational distinctions to which we felt him entitled by his descent and abilities. He served with notable ability and devotion important charges in Milwaukee, St. Paul and elsewhere, and was later settled for nineteen years in Rochester, N. Y., where he remained for fifteen years longer the beloved pastor emeritus.

Certain ministerial idiosyncrasies, a difficulty in voice production, and a loss of hearing which came upon him comparatively early, contributed to this failure of the liberal churches to recognize adequately one of the most gifted and worthy of their inspirers and prophets. It gave him little or no concern. He always rated his own powers most humbly. His mind was set on higher things, to keep the church with which he was so long connected true to its ethical ideals, to promote Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion, to cherish a deep and reconciling sympathy for other forms of faith, and the widest charity for all mankind. Perhaps this is nowhere set forth more strikingly than in his statement, once vigorously combated by the majority of Unitarians but now printed by them as a tract for general distribution:

"What makes one 'liberal' in religion? To hold four things supreme:

I. Freedom of Reason and Freedom of Conscience, the *Method* in Religion—instead of Tradition and Authority;

II. Fellowship, the *Spirit* of Religion—instead of Sectarianism;

III. Service, the *Aim* of Religion—instead of Salvation for Self;

IV. Character, the *Test* of Religion—instead of Ritual or Creed.

Whoever holds these things *supreme* in religion, that man, "whether he be a Jew or a Christian, whether Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, or Methodist, is a 'Liberal.' 'Doctrines' must needs differ; names will differ; but no 'doctrine,' however true and important, ranks with these supreme things. In these, and only in these things, lies the hope of religious unity. On these four 'principles,' as on corner-stones, slowly uprises the One Catholic Church of Man."

William Gannett had the felicity, in the closing years of his life, to find his ethical principles, his very presentation of them, officially adopted by his own Fellowship. His noble hymns, whose wealth of thought and imaginative beauty at times out-ran his capacity for lyric expression, are treasured alike in the church and the family. He was exceedingly fortunate in his marriage and the happy home relations which it brought him.

Harvard University conferred upon him its highest honor, a doctorate. His personal presence and word at free-religious and liberal Christian convocations was deemed a privilege and a benediction—which is as creditable to the liberal churches of today as to himself.

It has been more and more recognized that the character and career of this "remarkable man," as his intimate friend and fellow-poet Frederick L. Hosmer, my

own beloved class-mate, recently termed him, are among the most precious possessions of the liberal faith and fellowship. Their influence will long continue to inspire the religious life of the body of thinkers and worshippers with whom he was for four-score years and more connected. He represents the outcome of four generations of New England congregational piety as transfigured by the transcendental philosophy, informed by the modern scientific spirit, and influenced by the vast social and humanitarian movements of our age. It is to be hoped that a full and adequate biography will make clear to us and succeeding generations the enduring value of his contribution to the spiritual side of life and the universal church. A seer, a poet and a saint of the New Dispensation, his memory should be treasured among us.

Dr. Gannett's Writings

By J. T. Sunderland

On receiving word that there was to be a Gannett Memorial Number of Unity, I was glad. Such a commemoration is most fitting. I am asked, as one of the "Old Guard," to contribute something. This I am more than willing to do; but what shall it be?

Shall I write of Dr. Gannett's early life? This I cannot do, for I did not know him until he began his pastorate in St. Paul in 1877, I being at that time minister of the Fourth Unitarian Church in Chicago.

Shall I write of his various pastorates and his work as a minister? This others can do much better, for in our ministerial settlements we were generally located at considerable distances from each other, and were seldom able to make exchanges or come into close contact in our work, as we desired to do.

Shall I write of his connection with Unity? Although I was associated with him, and with Mr. Jones in the establishment of the paper (and edited its "Notes and News" when it was in its incipient "Pamphlet Mission" stage), and although I have kept in more or less close touch with him through its columns in all the years since, yet I am sure others can write of his Unity work and association as a whole, much better than I.

Shall I write of him as a friend? Yes, a word, but only a word. No man was ever a truer friend than he. To no man (or woman) was friendship ever a deeper, richer, sincerer, more sacred or more beautiful thing. Let any one who would know how deep and sacred it was to him read his soul-searching sermon, "I Had a Friend."

Shall I write of his personal character? Others who knew him longer and more intimately will do this and do it more adequately. It is enough for me to say that I never knew a man who, always and under all circumstances, impressed me as more honorable, more sincere, more upright, more pure minded, more modest (too modest), kinder, braver, more gentle (gentle as a gentleman should always be).

Shall I consider him as a writer, particularly as a poet? It is here, perhaps, that I knew him best of all; and I am sure it is in what he has left us from his pen (which is all too little) that he will live longest. So I will venture to say something—what is in my heart—about his writings.

I have just consulted "Who's Who in America" and find the following list of his published works:

"Ezra Stiles Gannett" (A Biography), 1875.

"A Year of Miracle," 1881.

"The Childhood of Jesus," 1884.

"The Thought of God in Hymns and Poems" (with Frederick L. Hosmer, 1886, 1904.

"The Faith That Makes Faithful" (with Jenkin Lloyd Jones), 1886.

"Making One's Self Beautiful," 1899.

"A Wicket-Gate to the Bible," 1907.

"One of the Editor's of Unity Hymns and Chorals," 1880.

The same, revised and enlarged, 1911.

"Francis David," 1914.

"The Little Child at the Breakfast Table" (with Mary T. L. Gannett), 1916.

"The Hate That Heals," 1918.

Nearly all these works I read when they first appeared, and some of them I have read more than once since; but in the last three days I have given myself the delight of going through them carefully again. And it has been a real delight.

My first introduction to Mr. Gannett as a writer was through his "Year of Miracle"—that quartet of prose-poems in which he wrote (or sang) of our Four Seasons, "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter," with a depth of spiritual insight and a charm that I have never found in any other writer on the subject. After that introduction, I never failed to read eagerly everything that I found from his pen.

Next came his biography of his father, "Ezra Stiles Gannett," which I found deeply interesting as giving a faithful account of the life and work of a minister who for more than forty years was a central figure in Boston Unitarianism in its early and formative stage. I especially prized the book's sympathetic and vivid portrayal of Dr. Channing, and its carefully prepared and luminous history of the Rise of Unitarianism in New England, given in its three chapters, entitled, "From Calvinism to Arminianism," "From Arminianism to Unitarianism," and "The Unitarian Controversy." Nor did I prize less its later equally important chapter on "The Transcendentalist Movement in New England." The book has permanent value as a remarkably intelligent and conscientious study of New England religious thought, in practically all its phases, during the first three quarters of the 19th century.

The Book of Sermons, of which Mr. Gannett and Mr. Jones were the authors—"The Faith that makes Faithful," has attained a very large circulation both in this country and Great Britain. Six years ago it had reached its thirty-sixth thousand. It has been translated, wholly or in part, into at least four European languages. In England for a time it was sold in a cheap edition at the railroad news stands. All this is remarkable for a volume of sermons. But an explanation is easy to find: The book is worthy of such popularity, because it is a book of life, sweet, sincere, making its appeal to what is best in every human being—an appeal which nobody, prince or beggar, can read without being touched and lifted up. I am glad to say that two of these sermons of Dr. Gannett are

published as free tracts by the American Unitarian Association, namely, "Wrestling and Blessing," and "Blessed Be Drudgery." And I may add that the Association prints as tracts two other sermons from him, not in this volume, but equally beautiful and helpful. They are, "The Thorn Bearer," and "The Sparrow's Fall."

Four booklets of wonderful charm, which nobody but Dr. Gannett could have written (only two of which are mentioned in "Who's Who") are:

I. "The House Beautiful," which shows how to make a house into a *home*.

II. "Making One's Self Beautiful"—beautiful with soul-beauty, which necessarily shines out and makes every feature, every look and every tone of voice radiant, with charm.

III. "The Little Child at the Breakfast Table"—a book which I believe is more needed in every family, especially every family where there are children, than a clock, or a carpet on the floor. I wish all our fathers and mothers realized that, brought into their homes and used there regularly and sincerely, it would settle the problem, so vital everywhere, of the religious training of their children, and it would drop into the hearts of all, parents and children alike, day by day the whole year through, infinitely sweet and uplifting touches of heaven.

IV. "The Household Altar"—an earnest plea for an altar in every Unitarian and other Liberal home. In a sense, this is a supplement to the Breakfast Table book.

Dr. Gannett wrote much that was of value on the Bible and on Jesus. His extended series of studies entitled, "The Childhood of Jesus," designed as Sunday School lessons, are nothing less than a marvel of scholarly research, of sympathetic insight and of picturesque portrayal. But they were not successful for the use contemplated; they were too elaborate; they contained far too much material for scholars and teachers to make use of within the brief Sunday School hour. But for a teacher to study with a small class around a table, with plenty of time to talk over every point and detail, or for a father or a mother to use at home the same way, I know of nothing else that is better. When the series was first published by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society (1879-1884), it was introduced into a few schools. But it soon dropped out, for the reasons just given. There was a demand for the author of the lessons to simplify and shorten them. But he did not see his way to do so, except in part. They were published by the British Unitarian Sunday School Association as a manual, and were used to some extent in England, I think mainly in advanced or adult classes, for which they were really best adapted. It has always seemed to me a matter of regret that they were not published as a manual for adult study by our Boston Sunday School Society.

The title given to the lessons is not at all adequate. The series covers far more than "The Childhood of Jesus." In reality, it is a brief, graphic, and admirable history of the Jewish people from the beginning of the nation down to the time of Jesus, a description of Palestine and Palestine life in Jesus' day, and a study of the total environment of Jesus, and the influences of many kinds that operated to form his character and make him what he became. I am not sure but that it would be a textbook of very great value for a year's study by the students of all our theological schools. At least they would find no "dry as dust" in it, and it would give them a Jesus as living and real as a human being can be, while at the same time it would vividly portray for them an age perhaps as great as any in history.

On the Bible we have from Dr. Gannett two pamphlets, or booklets, as scholarly as his "Childhood of Jesus," and adapted for wider practical use. One is the "Wicket-Gate to the Bible," and the other (not mentioned in "Who's Who") is his "Three Stages of a Bible's Life." The "Wicket-Gate" is published by the American Unitarian Association as a manual in its Beacon Course in Religious Education. One of its valuable features is a "Bible Bookcase Chart," which graphically represents, in picture form, the true order of the Bible books, that is, the order in which they were really written.

In my judgment, the very best thing that Dr. Gannett has left us on the Bible is his "Three Stages." It is in three parts: I. The Bible's Origin as Literature, or the Word of Man. II. The Bible Transfigured as "Revelation," or the "Word of God." III. The Bible's Return to Literature. These bald headings hint only in the meagrest way the uniqueness, the freshness, the suggestiveness, and the interest of the pamphlet. If we are wise we shall give it a wide circulation at this time when more persons are asking for light as to the origin and real character of the Bible than ever before. It may not meet the need of everybody, but scholars and persons of intelligence will prize it in the highest degree.

No one has written with more intelligence and sympathetic insight than Dr. Gannett, of our two greatest lights in Liberal Religion in this country—Channing and Emerson. We have from him two Unity Mission Tracts on Channing—one entitled "Channing the Man and His Message," and the other (prepared in cooperation with the Rev. Judson Fisher), entitled, "William Ellery Channing: Passages from His Writings." We also have from him a Unity Mission Tract on "Emerson," containing a brief account of his life and an extended list of choice extracts from his works. These tracts are not mentioned in Who's Who.

One of Dr. Gannett's later pamphlets is entitled "Francis David." It tells the story of that great sixteenth century Unitarian pioneer, preacher and martyr in Hungary (Transylvania). It is of particular interest just now, when all the Unitarian churches in Transylvania are suffering such terrible persecution and hardship at the hands of the Roumanian government, which has seized the country and confiscated much of the property of the people.

I come now to Dr. Gannett as a poet. I think it is in his poetical writings that his soul finds its fullest and richest expression, and his genius (for there is genius here) shines clearest. Caroline Miles Hill, in her recent volume, "The World's Great Religious Poetry," includes three poems from Dr. Gannett. The best anthology of American religious poetry that we possess is "The Treasury of American Sacred Song," compiled by W. Garrett Horder, of England, some 25 years ago. At that time not all of Dr. Gannett's work had been given to the public. But Mr. Horder speaks of his poems as "full of great tenderness and beauty and deserving of wider recognition." And he includes in his collection seven of Dr. Gannett's poems.

It seems to me that one of the best pieces of work that Dr. Gannett ever did, was his compilation in con-

nection with the Rev. F. L. Hosmer (first edition in connection with Mr. Hosmer and Rev. J. V. Blake) of the wonderfully fine Hymn and Service Book, "Unity Hymns and Chorals." After using the book in my churches for more than 20 years (the earlier edition and the later), I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment it is the best hymn collection for liberal churches that we possess—containing fewer hymns which are outgrown and ought no longer to be used by free minds, and a larger number of new hymns, of high literary quality, and representing liberal thought in all its higher and better phases.

In the "Hymn and Tune Book" published by the American Unitarian Association, there are six hymns by Dr. Gannett. In "Unity Hymns and Chorals" there are twelve. Only four writers exceed him in numbers —namely, Hosmer, with thirty-two, Whittier, with twenty-five, Samuel Longfellow, with seventeen, and John W. Chadwick, with fifteen.

It may be, as some persons feel, that his hymns lack a little in simplicity (Whittier, Hosmer and Samuel Longfellow are probably his superiors here), but in literary excellence, in beauty and even splendor of imagery, and in ethical and spiritual quality, they seem to me unexcelled. There can be no question but that they will have a secure place in the best hymnology of the future.

I want to call special attention to one of Dr. Gannett's hymns which strikes a somewhat new note; which is in the highest degree vigorous, forward-looking, radiant, prophetic; and which, with all, possesses a marvelously stirring, rhythmic and singing quality. Every liberal hymn book should give it a prominent place. It should be popular everywhere in our churches and especially among our young people. It would put a new spirit of joy, consecration and daring into us all. The hymn I refer to is No. 277 in the Unity collection. Its title is "The Crowning Day."

The morning hangs its signal
  Upon the mountain's crest,
While all the sleeping valleys
  In silent darkness rest;
From peak to peak it flashes,
  It laughs along the sky
That the crowning day is coming, by and by!

Chorus:
O the crowning day is coming,
  Is coming by and by!
We can see the rose of morning,
  A glory in the sky.
And that splendor on the hilltops,
  O'er all the land shall lie
In the crowning day that's coming,
  That's coming by and by!

There are three other verses (each with its chorus) that are equally ringing and splendid.

Some of the subjects upon which Dr. Gannett writes (sings) with greatest joy and charm are, *Nature* (see his poems, "God Ploughed One Day with an Earthquake," "Sunday on the Hilltops," "The Cathedral," "Summer Chemistry," "Where Did Yesterday's Sunset Go?" and a dozen others); *God* (the God that is found everywhere but especially within us all); *Home* (with the sweet presence of little children, and the "dear togetherness" of husband and wife, that make home really home); *Jesus*, especially the little babe Jesus (I think "Mary's Manger Song" is the very sweetest of all cradle lyrics); *Evolution* (where is there another evolution poem that goes down so deep into the soul of things as his lyric, "Consider the Lilies"; *Faith* and *Optimism* (as in his poem, "The Stream of Faith").

A number of Dr. Gannett's poems are more or less autobiographical—reminiscent of specially marked events or experiences in his own life. One of these touches a particularly deep and tender note. It recalls from out the shadows of the very long ago his few fondly cherished and sacred boyhood memories of his mother who died when he was only six years old. The lines show how dear those memories were:

So early lost, I cannot tell the lift
Of mother-arms! A toy or two, her gift;
A small white gown, a needle in its seam;
And, dim as is a dream within a dream,
A little figure at a shadow's feet,
Or walking hand in hand upon the street,—
A gentle shadow with an unseen face,—
No smile, no tone, no foot-fall mine for trace:
That is my unknown Mother!

Yet I know
The inmost currents of my being flow
From her high springs; the faiths that in me rise
Have once made happy lights within her eyes;
The gardens of my heart are seeded thick
With border-blooms that first in hers were quick;
My very thought of God is her bequest,
Sealed mine before I lay upon her breast!

O Mother, could an earthly smile suffice,
And *these* not serve me well to recognize?
Inwrought and deathless tokens pledge us joy
What day my Mother meets her grateful boy.

Nothing in Dr. Gannett's verses is tenderer or gives us a lovelier (even if a little sad) glimpse of the later years of his life, than his lines entitled, "The Old Love Song."

Play it slowly, sing it lowly,
  Old, familiar tune!
Once it ran in dance and dimple,
  Like a brook in June;
Now it sobs along the measures
  With a sound of tears;
Dear old voices echo through it,
  Vanished with the years.

* * * * *

Play it slowly,—it is holy
  As an evening hymn;
Morning gladness hushed to sadness
  Fills it to the brim.
Memories home within the music,
  Stealing through the bars;
Thoughts within its quiet spaces
  Rise and set like stars.

To whom of us, as the shadows of our years lengthen, do not these tenderly touching lines appeal?

Dr. Gannett was eminently a lover. He was a lover of humanity. Like Jesus he was a lover of bad people as well as good. He was a home lover, and a child lover; a lover of "God's out of doors"; a lover of simplicity, and, above all, a lover of love.

He was an idealist, and he was also a realist. Particularly in his poetry he was a mystic; but he was a sane mystic. If he "hitched his wagon to a star," he always had a real wagon, with wheels on the earth and with earthly work to do. And there was always a real star, that twinkled and danced and charmed and *pulled*. To him the ethical and spiritual—truth, beauty, hope, faith, love, God—were more solid than rocks and mountains. And should they not be so to every right thinking mind?

To whom shall we liken this great and beautiful soul? Was he not a brother, a true brother, of St. Francis and Emerson and Jesus?

Tributes

FREDERICK M. ELIOT:

Among the cherished possessions of Unity Church, St. Paul, is a copy of a sermon, in Mr. Gannett's own hand, bearing the title, "The Story of Our Church." This sermon, which was preached on March 2, 1879, begins in a very characteristic way. "A Roman Catholic would say that the year of the Lord for this region began on Nov. 1, 1841, when Father Galtier blessed the log cabin which he called his 'new basilica' and 'dedicated it to St. Paul, the apostle of nations,' thereby christening the unborn city as well as the just born basilica." Mr. Gannett goes on to tell about the first Protestant services held in the city, and then says: "A Liberal would accept both dates as years of the Lord, but would say that the Lord came again to St. Paul" when Unitarian preaching first began here.

Certainly the day when Mr. Gannett came to St. Paul was another "day of the Lord." The foundations which he then began to lay have stood the test of many years, and the influence of his life and thought is still strong. When a member of Unity Church today inquires why this particular custom is observed in our church, or why that custom is not observed, the answer is very apt to be "because Mr. Gannett wished it so." If anyone is doubtful about the permanence of influence of a true minister of religion, there is abundant evidence here in the enduring power of Mr. Gannett's ministry. There have been many ministers in this church since Mr. Gannett's day, and some of them have been notable servants of the truth; but all of them would gladly acknowledge that they have built on his foundations.

What was the essential thing in Mr. Gannett's life? What gave him his extraordinary power? Perhaps it was the combination of two things that are frequently found separately, but seldom together: a radical mind and a poet's imagination. Radical thinkers are not so rare, though few have been so courageous as he. Poets are far commoner than we sometimes think, though they do not always set down their poetry in words. But a radical thinker whose sensitive imagination saves him from undervaluing the human worth of ideas which he has to reject, and a poet whose passionate loyalty to the yet undiscovered truth keeps him always alert to the marvels which shall be revealed tomorrow—that is something that comes so rarely that we give it the name of genius.

The churches which had the blessed privilege of having Mr. Gannett as their minister can never lose the touch of his hand. They will always keep the radical spirit in their religious thought, venturing out into the unknown with eager and expectant hearts. And they will also never lose the sense of wonder and of beauty, changeless amid a world of changing ideas, eternal and absolute, ministering to human necessities because they are a part of the divine life itself.

MRS. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER:

My husband was in Harvard Theological School with Mr. Gannett. The friendship then begun reached through all their lives and was of that fine sort which was held together by the eternal verities.

My own friendship with May Lewis Gannett began at the same time with my deep regard for Mr. Gannett when he was an inspiring and devoted leader in the Free Religious Movement. For at least two years Mr. Gannett spoke once each month for the Free Religious Society of Providence, R. I., in which I found my fellowship after leaving the orthodox Congregational Church. We met often in that early struggle for the universal fellowship in religion.

After the broadening of the bonds of the Unitarian Conference, and the consequent return to the fold of some radicals who had felt themselves out of sympathy for a while with the leadership of that body, it was a great delight to some of us to be present at the welcoming of William Channing Gannett by the Conference and his instant recognition as one of the leaders of the organized Unitarian denomination.

Always and everywhere Mr. Gannett stood for the highest truth he saw and the deepest spiritual aspiration any one could feel.

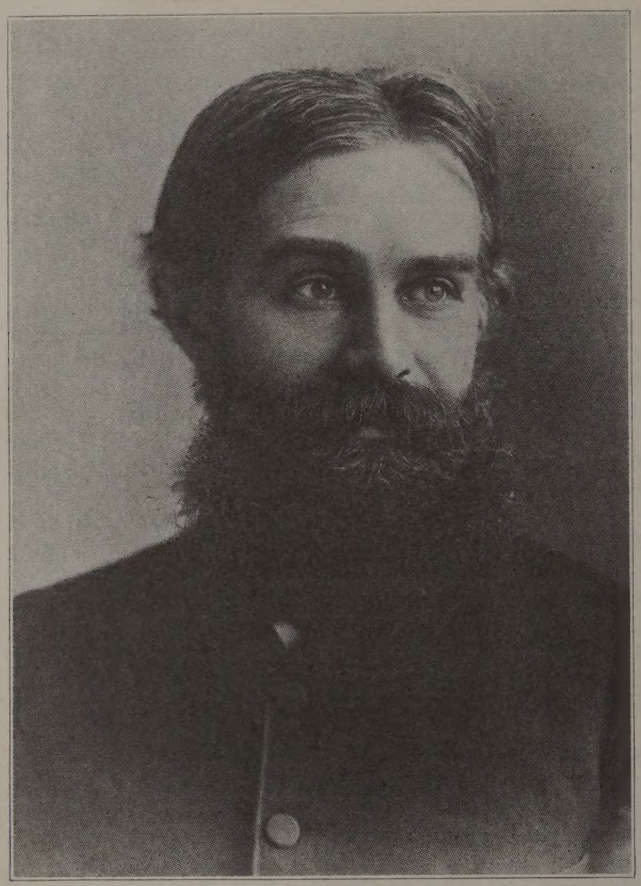
It is, however, not as a preacher, a theologian or a leader in organized religion that William Channing Gannett will find his immortality. It is as a poet that he will be cherished forever. So long as any person desires "to travel inward toward his soul and listen by the way" so long this man, whose life we now celebrate, will be a guide to the Voices that speak of immortal friendships with Love and Truth and Beauty.

CURTIS W. REESE:

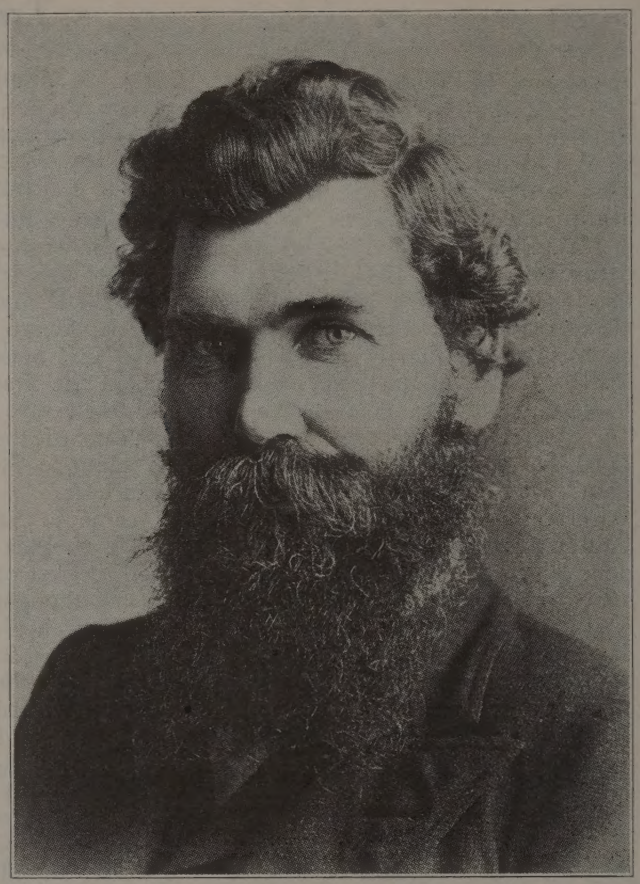
In a pamphlet published by the American Unitarian Association entitled "The First Century of the Liberal Movement in American Religion," Dr. Earl Morse Wilbur, President of the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry, says that in the Western Unitarian Conference the "issue as to unqualified freedom of fellowship" within the Unitarian movement was "most exhaustively thrashed out by a protracted and searching discussion of the fundamental principles involved." It is now forty years since that memorable movement in the West urged the entire liberal fellowship on towards complete intellectual freedom and unrimmed fellowship. The men who led that movement were spiritual seers. I cannot record the names of all of them; but three stand out prominently—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Frederick L. Hosmer and William C. Gannett.

In the pamphlet mentioned above Dr. Wilbur points out the epoch-marking, if not epoch-making, sermons in the American liberal movement. In point of time they come as follows: First, William Ellery Channing's Baltimore sermon on "Unitarian Christianity"; second, Ralph Waldo Emerson's Divinity School Address; third, Theodore Parker's "The Permanent and the Transient in Christianity"; and fourth, William C. Gannett's "The Faith of Ethics and the Thought of God." Dr. Gannett's sermon was preached before the Illinois Unitarian Conference at Geneva in 1889. Published by the Western Unitarian Conference for general distribution, this sermon was soon recognized as the classic utterance and the spiritual fulfillment of that prophetic period. In 1922 the American Unitarian Association included "The Faith of Ethics and the Thought of God" in its series of Memorable Addresses.

At a time when ethics was almost universally regarded as essentially distinct from and inferior to religion Dr. Gannett boldly proclaimed that ethics and religion are basically one. The main burden of his message was contained in the oft-repeated refrain "Ethics thought out, is religious thought; ethics felt out, is religious feeling; ethics lived out, is religious life."



WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT



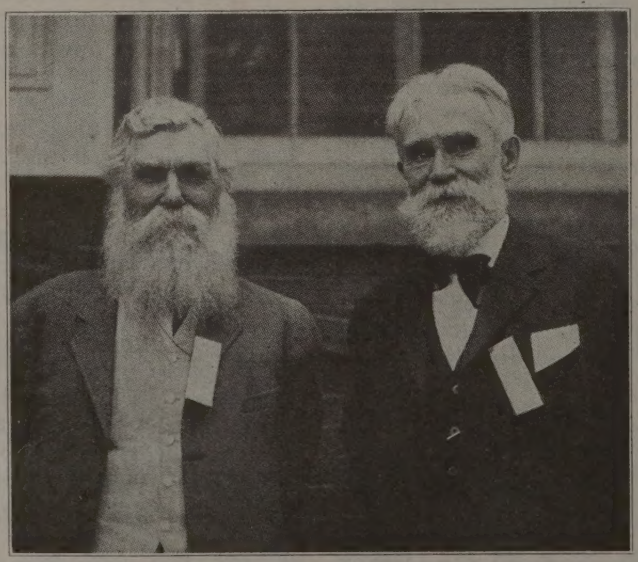
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

From photos taken at Chicago, 1888.

In his own life Dr. Gannett exemplified this religious philosophy. He believed and taught that all worthy interests, all noble aspirations, and all good achievements are religious.

Though he was of conservative New England Unitarian heritage and a leader of the radical Western Unitarian movement, Dr. Gannett is not properly understood when thought of primarily in connection with a denomination or a single religious movement. His sermons and hymns have been warmly received by many beyond his own church home. "The Faith that Makes Faithful" by Dr. Gannett and Dr. Jones has had a sale of over thirty-five thousand, making it one of the most widely read of all books of sermons.

Well do I remember the last conversation I had with Dr. Gannett. We sat in the sunshine on his porch in Rochester. With that "pointedness of interrogation" for which he was known among his friends, he inquired of the success of Abraham Lincoln Centre in meeting its peculiar racial problems. I told him what work was being done by Lincoln Centre, and how, and with what result. His reply was "I like that cosmopolitan spirit." Dr. Gannett properly belongs not to a sect or a race but to humanity.



Taken outside Friends Meeting House, Philadelphia, during conference of Federation of Religious Liberals.

"Down to the gate of death, loyal and loving to one another."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES:

Sir: I feel sure that you will be glad to grant me a little space in your valued paper to pay tribute to a great and good man, dead on December 15 last, who must have been known and revered by many of your readers. I refer to the late Dr. William C. Gannett, of Rochester, New York. Born in Boston in 1840, a son of the distinguished Ezra Stiles Gannett, baptized by William Ellery Channing with his own name, graduated from Harvard College and the Harvard Divinity School, Mr. Gannett spent his life in the service of five Unitarian churches — at Milwaukee (Wis.), East Lexington (Mass.), St. Paul (Minn.), Hinsdale (Ill.), and Rochester (N. Y.). During all of this long period he was one of the outstanding leaders of his

communion, beloved as a friend, honored as a teacher, revered as a saint and prophet. Nor were his activity and influence limited to his church; on the contrary, throughout all his career he was a dominant and adored figure in the community at large.

Reared in the tonic atmosphere of New England transcendentalism, when Emerson was meditating in Concord, Parker thundering in the pulpit of the Boston Music Hall, and Garrison crusading at the head of the Abolition movement, Gannett early acquired the habits of clear thought, honest speech, and dauntless courage which marked him all his years. In the furious controversy which rent the Unitarian body in the eighties of the last century and which swung that church at last to the extreme left of theological radicalism, Dr. Gannett was in the van fighting fearlessly for those large liberties of thought which are now the chief glory of religious liberalism everywhere. No man was more uncompromising than he, yet no man more sympathetic in his understanding of his opponents or more gracious in his treatment of them. He was all tenderness for men, whatever their opinions or perversities. Love was as much the atmosphere of his heart as fragrance the atmosphere of flowers.

At bottom, after all, this man was more the mystic than the prophet, though his service as a leader of thought and life can never be forgotten. But it was in the deep places of the spirit that he dwelt most easily and gladly. It was here that he wrote his immortal sermons which have reached their hundreds of thousands of readers—"Blessed Be Drudgery," "Wrestling and Blessing," and others. It was here that his heart broke out in the songs which rank him among the unforgettable hymn-writers of America. It was here that he fostered friendships which yoked him with a score of precious souls as David was yoked with Jonathan. It was here, finally, in these mystic places, that he grew to the serene stature of sainthood. Dr. Gannett was one of the pure in heart who see God. "I never knew a man so unspotted from the world," said Dr. Samuel M. Crothers at his funeral.

In recent addresses President Meiklejohn has been discussing the moot question of Democracy and Excellence—are they compatible? Dr. Gannett's life cries to heaven like the call of silver trumpets that America produces and may ever produce intellectual and spiritual excellence of the most exalted type. While such men come, we may, like Paul on the road to Rome, "Thank God and take courage."

From "The Nation," N. Y., January 8.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT

Thinking of him I cannot think of Death.
  I think of Winter blossoming into Spring,
Of April's secret and the violet's breath,
  Of Age turned Youth and Hope on tireless wing.

He was a friend! a brother kind and true,
  Though ever sternly just in Virtue's cause
To others as himself,—a granite soul,
  Unmoved as the eternal laws.

Integrity inhabited his heart,
  He dwelt with all in honor, shall I say?
Love was his native dwelling-place,
  Truth his abiding home, but, Nay,—

He *was* Integrity and Honor's self,
  His name was Love, he could no other be,
And Truth a flaming sword within his breast
  The self he could not flee.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

A Sermon in Memory of William Channing Gannett

Delivered in the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., by Dr. Charles H. Lyttle

A little over nineteen years ago, William Channing Gannett stood in this pulpit and trusted himself only to read from the Scriptures in the funeral service of his old and dear friend John Chadwick. As I turn the yellow pages of the printed record of the service I find that Dr. Gannett chose these words to end his selection: "The Spirit of the Lord was upon him . . . in all things approving him as a minister of God, giving no offense in anything that the ministry be not blamed . . . by much patience, by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the armor of righteousness . . ."

And now the two earnest young men, who went out from New England in the days of her greatest spiritual fruitage, the early sixties, one from rock-bound Marblehead, son of a "captain courageous," one from a manse in Boston, son of Channing's worthy colleague, have said to the end their brave, bright message of Divine Love and human trust and have passed into "memory's silent reaches" where are all "the kind, the brave, the true, the sweet who walk with us no more." Recalling this well-nigh lifelong comradeship of "dear Will" and "dear John" it is not strange that in this church Dr. Gannett, though never its pastor in an official sense, commands an affection almost equal to that of its most beloved ministers. Your own cherished memories of him, awakened by the knell of his passing, include many gracious and winning things of which I am not competent to speak. Among those acts of his, however, that all of us remember, are the two beautiful appreciations of Mr. Chadwick's work and writings which appeared in UNITY in March, 1905, and October, 1911. No one was better qualified to render these tributes than Dr. Gannett; and this is especially true of the second article, for the two friends had practically been literary team-mates for years, each submitting his work to the other's judgment and joyfully exchanging first copies and occasional verses to signalize a domestic or pastoral jubilee. "The Thought of God" contains at least four such dedications to "J. W. C." Because William Channing Gannett was in so intimate a way ours; because his verses are pervaded by the same simple, social, unadorned religious faith, rooted in heart and home, in books and nature which has always been characteristic of this church; and because the coming generations will come to love and use his hymns as the present and past have done, and be curious of the man behind the text, it seems to me that the fittest word I can speak this morning in his memory is one of appreciation of his varied literary work. Dr. Gannett's writing was always and inevitably autobiographical. I hope that this natural fidelity of a rarely ingenuous life and pen may be largely preserved as I remind you of the many books in which he gave us his version of truth, his vision of the "higher Unitarianism"; the sermons in which he confided his secret of "the faith that makes faithful," and the poems that "hung on the berry bush" of his keenly gentle intuitions and his spacious charity.

Dr. Gannett was one of those finely poised New Englanders who could cherish tradition and love the past without enthroning either. This virtue enabled him to write the life of his father, Ezra Stiles Gannett, in a vivid yet detached style, a caressing yet manly tone. The Life is one of the few really good works on Unitarianism in America because its author could be both son and critic of his subject at the same time, a graphic narrator and a just appraiser of the doldrum days of Unitarianism after 1830, the alarmed controversies over Transcendentalism after 1835, the stormy, acrid dissensions over Abolitionism after 1845. The son helps us to revere and love his father, furtively hobbling on his two canes to an invalid parishioner with a glass of jelly or gallantly demanding freedom of speech for his most bitter opponents. The historian justifies our disagreement with him on the major issues of human progress in his day. With the same rare power (for Dr. Gannett was neither an antiquarian nor an iconoclast) he wrote the story of "One Hundred Years of Unitarianism in America" (1915). It is not an exhaustive work, but it is accurate and discriminating and inspiriting. We come to the end of its perusal in a mood of loyal resolution, feeling that although our movement has had its apostacies and yet retains vestiges of ancient faults, the best is yet to be and the route is plain and clear if only we have the will and the wits to walk therein. To be sure, the second part of the history is pretty outspoken and our portrait is not always a flattering one; but no one had a better right to tell us such truths as, for instance, this:

> We are dutiful, but are we enraptured by moral ideals? We are philanthropic, but have we a passion for humanity? We have great faiths, but do they make us heroic? Poise is characteristic of us—an incapacity to forget ourselves into ardor. We do not demand great things of ourselves or each other. . . .

If this is too medicinal for comfort, remember that in the course of a few succeeding pages, Dr. Gannett gives us the best statement I know (the only one on which today, in all candor, both the right and left wings of our body can unite) of the principles we "most care for":

"Freedom the Method in Religion in place of Authority."

"Fellowship the Spirit in Religion in place of Sectarianism."

"Character the Test in Religion in place of Ritual or Creed."

"Service, or Salvation of Others the Aim in Religion in place of Salvation of Self."

"On these four principles, as on cornerstones, slowly shall rise with many separate chapels clustered beneath its towers, the Church of Humanity."

By virtue of this and many other excellencies, particularly the irenic narration of the so-called "Western Issue," I think that this history of our movement is of exceptional pith and moment. It is as if the voice of Channing himself gave a resume of the past century and a prospectus of the coming time through the lips of the child to whom he gave his spirit with his name.

In the History Dr. Gannett asks, "Can we round out?" By this I think he meant, not only the attainment of symmetry but complementation by development. Some years ago Dr. Gannett and I discussed

together the probable identity of Lessing's tenth stage of religious evolution, adumbrated in the last part of the "Education of the Human Race." I told him that I believed his hymns and the majority of his published sermons (and Study Outlines) would be regarded as signals of its dawn. From a theological point of view the sermon on "The Faith of Ethics" is of vast importance. It is Kantianism and the derivative thereof, Transcendentalism, fused with the anthropocentric tendencies of present-day thought. Unlike Mr. Chadwick, whose fidelity to Emerson and Parker was somewhat qualified by the sinister disclosures of the theory of Evolution, Dr. Gannett remained a kind of Transcendentalist all his life. His earlier poetry is drenched with the doctrine, construed in the most ingratiating terms and similes. It suggests the "spirit-sky far within"; and conscience's "heart-beat in a hush" that jars the planet. But Dr. Gannett could "round out" his Transcendentalism by understanding Humanism and accommodating his views to its praiseworthy emphases. Such a reconciliation one finds outlined with long and colorful strokes and an arresting acumen in this specimen passage from "The Faith of Ethics":

> The faith of ethics mixes God's very life with yours and mine when it makes Him with us as the inevitable Ought or—Ought Not. Blackening sinner and white saint alike bear witness to the moral law, self-enacting, sovereign in man. And what is history but human life writ large and radiant and resonant? In dooms and exaltations of the nations; as the centuries grow kind and Christ's beatitudes become organic instincts of the race, history echoes and re-echoes verdicts of the Moral Law. Ethics thought out is Religious Thought; Ethics felt out is Religious Feeling; Ethics lived out is Religious Life.

What Lessing groped after with confident heart, what the brilliant and far-sighted London Unitarian, Joseph Fawcett, predicted with glowing eloquence in 1790, what Emerson so exactly predicted in his well-known maxim: "The progress of religion is steadily toward its identity with morals . . . the next age will behold God in the ethical laws," Dr. Gannett recognized and accepted as the "rounding out" of his Liberal faith and ours. How perfectly spherical, how rimlessly catholic this process made his message may be estimated from his sermon on "The Incarnation" which I regard as vital to his conception of the "higher Unitarianism." I think the essence of its doctrine is in this sentence: "The larger truth is, of course, God incarnate in Humanity; the true Church of the Incarnation is the Church of all souls."

I have had to pass book after book of his authorship with express-train speed; our only reparation of this loss is to glance at a time-table to see at what stations we have not been able to stop. There are the monographs on "Channing the Man and His Message" (1885) and "Francis David" (1914), as carefully written and, but for their brevity, as valuable as the other historical works we have halted by. Beside the more famous sermons "Blessed Be Drudgery" and "Wrestling and Blessing," whose assimilation might fairly be said to constitute the work for the second or third degrees of Unitarianism, there are the kindly, practical "talks" on nature love, soul nurture and home holiness to be found in "A Year of Miracle" (1882) and "The House Beautiful" (1885). Then there are the many "Outlines for Sunday School and Literary Study" upon which Dr. Gannett spent infinite pains, lavishing the whole wealth of his knowledge and love of books, heroes, poets, and the out-of-doors, and his exceptional wisdom concerning the child mind and will. In those brave days, when printing was relatively cheap, and the presses and pages of UNITY were ever open to his deliverances with the admiring friendship of his co-worker, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Dr. Gannett, athrill with western creativeness and fraternity, secured, by his indefatigable literary labors, the best and most lasting kind of publicity for "the higher Unitarianism." One of the foundation piers of our far-flung western diocese of today is the printing press publicity achieved by Dr. Gannett and his gifted co-worker, during the former's pastorates in Milwaukee, St. Paul and Hinsdale. Far and wide over the prairie states beyond Chicago spread Liberalism, sown by the tracts and hymnals and study courses produced by these missionaries of the pen and press. No difference between the old and new Unitarianism is more ominous than the relative atrophy of this connate instinct of literary evangelism. Have the new methods of parochial efficiency excelled its slow and quiet spiritual penetration?

Dr. Gannett's poems are, of course, his most precious objective bequest to the faith he held dear. They reflect, in form, spirit and subject matter the fundamental unity of his entire nature, moral and intellectual. Every metaphor and rhyme and measure is the token of a trusting faith, of the utterance of a healthy, buoyant, optimistic disposition born in Arcady and resident in the Arden of that tranquil Theism of fifty years ago, where one found sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything. Had not high-minded Professor Noyes taught the young divinity student that

> The field lies always Harvest-white
> If inly lies the Spring,

and so Dr. Gannett always kept spring in his heart, love in his home, zest in his work, trustfulness in his prayers and quite naturally his verse is full of sparkle and glint, carol and cadenza. It is opalescent with all beautiful hints and flushes, a tapestry of every sunny and joyous color, mother's crooning, baby's laughter, brooklet gleams and flower glimmerings, stars and rainbows and soul raptures. Its perfect consistency with the general pattern traced in the poem "Sunny Side" is remarkable:

> A silvery tide called 'Sunny Side,'
> Goes creeping around the earth,
> And never a place but wins a grace
> In the jubilant flood of mirth.
> From the dancing gleam on the fretted stream
> To the dimple on baby's cheek,
> That in and out, to his merry shout,
> Twinkles a hide-and-seek.
>
> Wherever it goes, the darkness glows
> And men and women sing;
> It fills their eyes with a glad surprise,
> And stays their sorrowing;
> The heart is a-tune, the world is June,
> Nothing is old or gray,
> As it passes along with the swell of a song,
> Like a musical break of day.

I suppose it can all be explained in an academic fashion by saying that this is the doctrine of God's Immanence put into admirably expressive and enchanting poetry. In a dozen poems the "Spirit of Love in the blue above" who is the "Sunny Side" of every cloud and all evil, is interpreted and extolled in winning ways as the paramount reality of Nature and Man and history:

He hides within the lily
  A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
  To glory of the air.

* * * * *

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the Man!

* * * * *

Shy yearnings of the savage,
  Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
  To visions fair are wrought;
The races rise and cluster,
  And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
  Thy purpose crowning all!

Light us! lead us! love us! cry thy groping nations,
  Pleading in the thousand tongues, but naming only thee,
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy purpose—
  Who wert and art, and evermore shalt be!

If any poem could carry conviction of the "Progress of Mankind upward and onward forever" it is the glorious hymn from which that last stanza is taken. But its creator did not rest content with the rather easy accomplishment of indicating the Theophanies of the material, objective world. It is in the soul that the higher mysteries of God's Immanence must be sought:

Eternities past and future
  Seem clinging to all I see,
And things immortal cluster
  Around my bended knee.

* * * * *

I—I am a part of the poem,
  Of its every sight and sound;
For my heart beats inward rhymings
  To the Sabbath that lies around.

And in the marvelously winsome verses of "The Secret Place of the Most High" we are led beyond

The Secret of the April land
  That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
  To hold him through the hours,

into the secret and sacred recesses of man's moral being:

He hides himself within the love
  Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
  Are shrines by him possessed;
He tents within the lonely heart,
  And shepherds every thought;
We find him not by seeking long—
  We lose him not, unsought.

Here in the soul is God's highest revelation, not only as Love, but as the Eternal and Universal Conscience:

Where *is* the Voice that comes to me
  With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
  And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
  And yet the planet jars!

And in the contrite responses and good promptings and yearnings of the soul is the best evidence of our filial relation to God, of which the impulse to worship him is an overt confession:

Over hills and valleys,
  Over prairies wide,
Quiet call the church-bells
  To the altar-side.

* * * * *

Softer than the church-bells
  With their mellow peal,
Softer, sweeter calling,
  Mystic voices steal;
All the shadowy valleys
  Memory calls her own,
All the spirit's hill-tops
  Listen for the tone.

Every soul that listens
  Hears the secret chime,—
Bells from quiet inlands
  Out of space or time;
Mother-tones will stir them,
  Child-appeals will start,
Hero-deeds will set them
  Ringing in the heart.

* * * * *

Every hope that wings us,
  Making eagle-free,
Every shame that bows us,
  Every loyalty,
Each new joy and laughter,
  Sorrows old that bide,—
Are God's church-bells calling
  To an altar-side.

For so adept a mystic, true worship is first of all individual and inward. The Blue Hill can afford him "the peace that passeth knowledge and the light that is not of day" quite as well as any church with walls and roof. Cathedral grandeur and solemnity are not confined to groined arches and peaked stones. The true mystic may be "niched in" a mighty minster with "dim mosaics of the woods" and "solemn frescoes of the mosses" speaking of "Strength Eternal" and worship "bursting through" on Bald Cap. "Our art may build its house of God" but its "aisles of quiet" can do no better than lead to "cloisters of the spirit" where ceremonial fades and only the moral verities and the spiritual realities remain:

Here shall the Vision gladden,
  The Voice within us plead;
And may the dear All-Father,
  Who maketh trouble cease,
Here send his three strong angels,
  Contrition, Hope and Peace.

Mysticism, however, can become a very narrow absorption, abstracting a man from his practical duties to this world and his kind; it can produce a moral parasitism peculiarly repulsive to this age of sociolatry. A thorough knowledge of Dr. Gannett's thought and work absolves him from this too easy imputation. Conceiving evil as good in transformation, he could speak with a certitude disquieting to some sensitive folk, of "God's ploughing one day with an earthquake" and of "every awful thing of earth, sin and pain and battle noise" being a "wicket gate where we join the great highway to thee." To be sure, the logical sequelae of such a philosophy, a ratiocination of war by the contemplation of

Peace, born of battle! Through war to forgiveness!
Strange is the lessoning, ache of it long.

were less apparent and possibly less disturbing in 1876 than in 1924. But Dr. Gannett was not the man deliberately to condone or adopt Nature's unthrift and inhumane impersonality as the working principle of a modern Liberal! Although, like many of his generation, he based his theodicy rather upon deductions from

natural science than from sociology, he was strictly true to the accolade of a prophetic and militant Humanitarianism which he received through birth, breeding and vocation. So, by the side of "America Redempta" (1918) I find these lines:

Crownless she sits there, unstarred of her radiance,
  Blood on her hands and greed in her heart;—
Blood of young patriots, lavished for liberty,
  Greed of the conqueror, wile of the mart!

—an outcry of disillusionment and indignation at the national policy during and after the war with Spain:

How can she sing of it 'Sweet land of Liberty?'
  She with her clarion used for its ban?
Hushed be the song till the silence re-teaches her
  Faith that makes faithful to God and to Man!

With the same impartial and even-handed justice, Dr. Gannett's war-time sermon series "The Hate that Heals" is half devoted to "Our American Belgiums," in which the wrongs done by the United States to the Indians, the Negroes, the Philippine islanders and to Labor are summed up with grave and monitory discernment; and to "Brothers Gone Wrong" in which he pleaded for a just estimate of Germany's potential good points and a purging of our own hearts of hatred: "If we win the war but end it hating the Germans, the outward victory will be the signal of our inward defeat." Those who knew Dr. Gannett personally would agree, I am sure, that from the mystical side of his faith, he drew the large-minded and far-sighted patience, good humor and self-suppression that made his humanitarian efforts tenacious rather than choleric, persuasive rather than magisterial, executive rather than doctrinaire, conserving charity with zeal and never lapsing, after a set-back, into misanthropy. In a Retrospect at Eighty Years, which was dispatched on that birthday to all his friends, Dr. Gannett gave an inspiring list of the social betterments effected in his lifetime; and one of the most touching elements of this backward look was its perfect modesty, for in each of the reforms cited, Dr. Gannett had played a pretty prominent part.

Such humanitarianism has always been characteristic of what Dr. Gannett, with an oblique glance at the "Western Issue" and its battles against creedalism, was wont to call the "higher Unitarianism." He believed that our Unitarianism was a league on the highway of Truth, perhaps the last step, as Charles Eliot Norton put it, before the Church Universal. It is not singular, therefore, that he stood, from the first day of his ministry, for this ecumenical hope. Indeed, such has been the major motif of our greatest hymn-writers, Longfellow, Johnson, Chadwick, Hosmer and Gannett. In the latter's writings the theme is transposed into every key, from the droll little nursery parable, framed upon a question put by a little girl: "Jesus *Who?* Jesus God?" with its exquisite conclusion:

"God" *is* his other name!

* * * * *

And up and down the city,
  Wherever you have trod,
It's Mary—, Maud—, and Katy—,
  John—*God,* and Willy *God.*

to the spacious and solemn catholicity of "The Word of God":

From Sinai's cliffs it echoed,
  It breathed from Buddha's tree;
It charmed in Athens' market,
  It gladdened Galilee;
The hammer-stroke of Luther,
  The Pilgrims' sea-side prayer,
The oracles of Concord,
  One holy Word declare.

You see how the first gentle fancy redeems the second mighty thought from pure intellectualism, just as Samuel Longfellow's "Light of Ages and of Nations" is humanized by his "One Holy Church." We may be sure the Church of Humanity will have its plinths and buttresses in the homes and nurseries of mankind as well as in the libraries and lecture rooms where scholars lecture on the analogies and sympathies of ethnic religions. So Dr. Gannett used every opportunity, however homely, to illustrate the practical and inclusive purport of his immanental catholicity. Here is a charminmg Christmas lay:

Wee-bit Adam! Wee-bit Christ!

* * * * *

Blessings on the little Child
In the cave far-off and wild!
For that nursery divine
Tells me well, O baby mine,
That *thou* art Emmanuel.
'God with *us,*' come here to dwell,—
Come to say, 'Since time began,
Son of God is Son of Man!'

Surely this is Humanism that no one could misunderstand. Yet Dr. Gannett was so permeated by its spirit that he put it into the thoughtful, scholarly sermon on "The Incarnation" and into such vistaed benisons and aves as:

From heart to heart, from creed to creed
  The hidden river runs;
It quickens all the ages down,
  It binds the sires to sons,—
The stream of Faith, whose source is God,
  Whose sound, the sound of prayer,

* * * * *

How deep it flowed in olden time,
  When men by it were strong!

* * * * *

And still it moves, a broadening flood;
  And fresher, fuller grows;
A sense as if the sea were near,
  Towards which the river flows!
O thou, who art the secret Source
  That rises in each soul,
Thou art the Ocean too,—thy charm,
  That ever-deepening roll!

Quite naturally this discourse comes to its period in these two luminous and lovely aspects of Dr. Gannett's thought and character: the love of God, the love of Man. The words he wrote to John Chadwick in the days of their early friendship return with wonderful aptness to add their myrtles to their author's memory:

He knows the founts of laughter;
  Where psalms in mothers rise;
How purpose dawns in manhood,
  And love in maiden eyes.

In still lanes of confession,
  In solemn aisles of prayer,
On Alps of high endeavor,—
  We meet him everywhere!

For Dr. Gannett was a true priest of the Most High, as well as his troubadour; acquainting men with Deity by his presence as well as by his poems. He was

First Unitarian Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

gifted with the Christ power to "see white in every heart," and to stimulate the will and the power to "rise up from bad to good, up from good to better-yet" in "souls that wayward flee." Born into a stern heredity and commission as a Liberal torch-bearer, he preached his clear, sweet, gentle gospel of the "Sunny Side" without a bit of rancor against orthodoxy:

Angry! who know their creeds
  Were poems, too,—that died;
That all the world's old dogmas are
  Its poems, petrified.

What a gracious tolerance in that veridical epigram! What a serene and selfless conception of the disposition befitting a colleague of all the great apostles of Jesus' heresies, from Paul to Channing, from Origen to Emerson! His prayer for another's ordination to the ministry is in reality the revelation of his own ideal of the sacred office and the record of his allegiance to that ideal for fifty years:

Ordain in him the seeker's mind
  Of eager, trusting youth,
That hastens every morn, to glean
  Fresh manna-falls of truth:
Ordain a constant heart to choose
  Lone sides with outcast Right,
And hands that shall from Duty make
  His gardens of delight!

Ordain the eyes of sympathy;
  The tones that stir and thrill;
The touch to heal, to bind the wound,
  To brace the weakened will;
And give the prophet's eye to see
  Where men's faith waxes dim;
Ordain the voice that speaks for God!
  Ordain the Christ in him!

In the life of his father, the son touches very softly upon the former's custom of going regularly to the grave of his wife in Mount Auburn cemetery and marking the days of these visits with a white flower in his Journal. For most of us, the memory of William Channing Gannett's noble and gentle nature will always confer a special fragrance and sanctity upon the pages of our own Hymnal where his verses appear. Would it not be happy if, beside the verses of "dear John's" immortal hymn "It singeth low in every heart" we could always find and read those sister verses by "dear Will," so kindred to his friends in form as well as in faith and spirit:

O, solemn-sweet the sureness grows,
  When such as they have passed;
The darkness fills, the silence thrills,
  Their life pervades the Vast;
The vanished virtue quickens through
  And touches every star;
Their unseen love—we know it thine,
  Thy Living Love they are!

THE POET.

His home is in the heights: to him
Men wage a battle weird and dim,
Life is a mission stern as fate,
And Song a dread apostolate.
The toils of prophecy are his,
To hail the coming centuries—
To ease the steps and lift the load
Of souls that falter on the road.
The perilous music that he hears
Falls from the vortice of the spheres.

He presses on before the race,
And sings out of a silent place.
Like faint notes of a forest bird
On heights afar that voice is heard;
And the dim path he breaks to-day
Will some time be a trodden way.
But when the race comes toiling on
That voice of wonder will be gone—
Be heard on higher peaks afar,
Moved upward with the morning star.

O men of earth, that wandering voice
Still goes the upward way: rejoice!

—*Edwin Markham.*

Interior of First Unitarian Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Funeral of Dr. Gannett

We quote from the report published in the *Rochester Times-Union* of the funeral service in the First Unitarian Church. It was a service of marked simplicity entirely in accord with the sincere personality of the man. Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers, D.D., minister of the First Unitarian Church of Cambridge, Mass., spoke as follows:

"Thirty-five years ago I first was made to feel the tremendous influence of Dr. Gannett, when I succeeded him at the Unitarian Church in St. Paul, and it became my one desire to be worthy of the heritage of the one who had served before me.

"It still was and is today Dr. Gannett's church. The deep love and reverence for this man was not held alone by the older members of his parish, but by their children. These children had learned to love and revere one who had helped their parents.

"To me this handing down through time, from parent to child, the memory of a man, is the greatest of tributes. It is a wonderful thing that after thirty-five years a man is still a living power in the community in which he served. As he is a living power there, so is he a living power here today.

"I know no other who more fully fulfilled the mission of making people feel that the divine life can make itself felt through a human life. For me he has made the word 'piety' live again. No other word so expressed his life. His was natural piety, there was no self-consciousness.

"I do not want to speak of him in the past; he is of the present and future. He lives. His is not a lost radiance, but a living radiance. His speech could not be misunderstood, and, though he often differed in opinion with others, he was always gracious. He carried on the religion of the spirit.

"I never knew a man so unspotted by the world. He believed that love is stronger than hate. He has ever striven for the undefiled reward.

"There is no sadness in this farewell; no prostration. His life as he saw it was not alone, but a part of the universe. We have seen a life of graciousness, a life of no regret, but of infinite promise. In him we have seen the power of endless right."

Dr. Max Landsberg, rabbi emeritus of Temple Berith Kodesh, in paying tribute to Dr. Gannett, declared that he was the greatest teacher of practical religion with whom he had ever come in contact.

"Dr. Gannett could teach by his very presence," said Dr. Landsberg. "He was a man of power who spoke with authority. No man could remain in his presence for even a short time but he felt an improvement in his character."

Dr. F. C. Doan then offered prayer:

> Even so the generations rise and pass away, O God, leaving behind them the record of great lives, greatly lived. They come and go, these great spirits of earth, and their coming is as the coming of the sons of righteousness, and their going like the going out of a great light.
>
> So it seemeth to us in the hour when our minds are darkened with the mystery of death and our hearts heavy with the sorrow of it.
>
> But for us this day, O God, there is no darkness of death and no sorrow; but just a great understanding and a great joy! He whose spirit has now gone from the sight of our mortal eyes lived among us like an immortal. Therefore, we know that there is no death. He lived among us a spirit of perfect joy. How then can we think of him with any tears in our eyes or any sorrow in our hearts. He moved among us a spirit of perfect love. God forgive us if ever we profane the sacred memory of him by hating any human being anywhere on the face of this earth.
>
> O God, thou who knowest the secrets of every heart, look into these hearts of ours this day and thou shalt find them filled with a great rejoicing and a great confidence, —rejoicing in the happy memories of him, which are ours, confident of the final triumph of justice and love on this earth. For in him we have seen the coming of the Lord of Justice and Love to this earth.
>
> O God, teach us so to number our days in justice and love that when the hour of our Great Departure shall come we, having followed in his footsteps all the days of our life, and having lived in his spirit,—we too may go forth into the great Unknown, as he has gone, quietly, gladly, unafraid, and unashamed. Amen.

Dr. Richard W. Boynton of Buffalo, N. Y., gave the concluding address:

To have been born a member of the congregation of William Ellery Channing, as the son of his younger colleague, Ezra Stiles Gannett; to have been baptized by Channing with his own name; to have grown up in Boston, and graduated from Harvard College and the Harvard Divinity School,—this was an ideal start in life for one who was to be a Unitarian minister all his days. To the manner born, a Brahmin of the Brahmins,—as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes called the ministerial caste of earlier New England,—such were the origins and such the social and religious background of William Channing Gannett, D. D., who has just died at Rochester, N. Y., in his eighty-fourth year.

The year 1840 was a good time to be born in Boston. The older and statelier New England of the fathers was still practically intact; the immigrant flood had scarcely begun to flow. The best life of the small provincial capital moved on a high level. The decades of the 40's and 50's saw the culmination of the New England Renaissance, the marvelous flowering upon the sturdy if thorny stock of the earlier Puritanism. In those two decades all the great writers of the New England galaxy were at their zenith—the poets chanting as "the morning stars sang together," the prose writers and historians adding their soberer accompaniment. The Transcendental movement was in full swing, with Emerson at its head. The Anti-Slavery movement, with William Lloyd Garrison as its prophet, was filling the land with the lightning of its moral passion and the thunder of its fierce denunciations of iniquity. Other reforming movements were abroad,—temperance, equal rights for women, social justice, international peace,—to all of which Dr. Channing contributed those far-sounding discourses which Longfellow characterized as "half-battles for the free." It was a goodly heritage, and William Gannett entered into it all. He was a great soul, and he lived a rich, a varied, and a fruitful life.

He was of New England, and yet something more —some older, deeper heritage—was also his. For he was a mystic—of that great strain, the authentic sons of God, the pure in heart who see Him, and live consciously in His eternal presence. A prophet he was, and a poet—a poet first, and then a prophet because he was a poet. Baptized with water by Channing, he was baptized in the spirit by Emerson. Theodore Parker also laid a spell upon his youth, and gave him the courage, the radicalism, and the deep human tenderness that marked him all his many years. He belonged, above all, to the company of Jesus. How many since Francis of Assisi have lived closer to that mighty

heart and soul? He would have been, he was, a beloved disciple! He loved what Jesus loved,—the flowers, the birds, the little children, the poor and afflicted, the sick of soul,—all who needed help and healing. He had that same rare faculty for parable-making; hence the common people heard and read him gladly. Few in our time have been so truly, so deeply, so inwardly Christian. He preached, because he lived, the gospel life. He was a Unitarian, yes, through all the earlier years of stress and conflict a radical one, of the second generation of the Transcendentalists. But he was also profoundly evangelical, in the original meaning of that much-abused word.

Dr. Gannett spent his life in the Unitarian ministry. What he was and meant to the five churches that he served,—Milwaukee, East Lexington, St. Paul, Hinsdale, and Rochester—cannot here be adequately described. I followed him some years after in one of these,—Unity Church, St. Paul,—and the stamp of his personal influence was very clearly to be felt on his former people. Preaching, perhaps, was not his greatest gift; and yet some of his sermons—"The Year of Miracle," "Blessed Be Drudgery," "Wrestling and Blessing," among many others—are classics. Few modern sermons have gone farther afield and helped more troubled souls than some of these. In the pulpit he was quiet and persuasive rather than eloquent. But what he said went home, more often than not to stay, and take deep root and bring forth manyfold. His public prayers were breathings of the very spirit of trust and love and high aspiration. He was a devoted pastor and a good citizen of every community in which he lived. But his greatest gift, I think, was for friendship.

Who can speak fittingly of the friendships of such a life? First came the friendships of his early years in the Harvard Divinity School, especially with two poet-preachers of New England origin like himself—John White Chadwick and Frederick Lucian Hosmer. With Dr. Hosmer there has been a very special intimacy lasting through all the years. They have been yokefellows in service and in song. Even as David and Jonathan, it is hard to think of them apart. One has just joined the Choir Invisible; the other lives still among us. Their psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, uttering so many aspects of the infinite mystery, —who knows how long they will go on resounding in our free worship? Then came the group of later friends, "fellow-workers in the West," in one of the most rapid and remarkable periods of the development of Liberal religion in this country—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, James Vila Blake, John C. Learned, Henry M. Simmons, and George A. Thayer. One cannot name all the laymen who were this man's friends; I knew one of them, A. H. Wimbish, a quaint and lonely soul. And his women friends, who followed him and ministered to him, and were ministered to by him, even as Mary and Martha by their dear friend Jesus!

Especially after his marriage — one of rare and blessed felicity—to Mary T. Lewis of Philadelphia, Dr. Gannett's home was a house of friendship. None who have shared its beautiful hospitality can ever forget it. Few places on earth can linger more tenderly and sacredly in memory. Home and work were one. There in his study, surrounded by the older books he loved, with the newer books he was eagerly scanning beside him, he sat and spoke of what was on his heart. Nothing human was alien to him. You felt the poet less and the prophet more in his familiar talk. The world was his country, and all humanity's concerns were his. He was an idealist, looking for portents of the better time to come. He was a student, searching deeply and critically into the meanings of events, and of life itself. Above all, he was a mystic, drinking from unseen fountains, and drawing his faith from hidden springs.

Dr. Gannett had the secret of those who live in the Interpreter's House. For many years he led the members of his Unity Clubs and other study classes into a fuller appreciation of Channing, Emerson, Browning, and his other favorite authors, not forgetting the Bible writers. He prepared, in earlier years, some of the best Sunday school manuals that have ever been written, especially those on "The Childhood of Jesus" and "The Flowering of Christianity." His life of Ezra Stiles Gannett, his father, written early in his ministry, besides being a model of biographical writing, contains in detached chapters by far the best account of the growth of New England Unitarianism that has yet appeared.

In the 80's Dr. Gannett was at the forefront of that "movement in the West" which brought our somewhat complacent, older Eastern Unitarianism out into the larger place which it now occupies. The story of that remarkable advance, and of the men who led it, still remains to be written. By voice and pen, in pulpit, on platform, and in the columns of UNITY, William Gannett toiled assiduously to further it. He knew as few others the whole history from the inside, but some of its phases remained so painful in retrospect that in later years he could never bring himself to write of it. Some day it can be told, and few episodes in the history of Liberal Christianity are better worth the telling.

This is not the place to appraise Dr. Gannett's theology. Starting from his early Transcendentalism and assimilating the two master-thoughts of evolution and the sympathy of religions, it was a theology of the heart and of the spirit fully as much as of the reasoning intellect. For many years a neighbor and friend of Dr. Augustus H. Strong, the conservative president of the Rochester Theological Seminary (Baptist), Dr. Gannett drew in from this and similar contacts a deep sense of the spiritual vitality and ethical potency of the so-called "evangelical" position. Taking up the best of these elements into his own inherited and wrought-out faith, he gradually became what we may not unfairly call an Evangelical Unitarian. What is meant here may best be seen by reading his remarkable essay on "Incarnation," read at the Washington meeting of the National Conference (as it then was) of 1895, and printed as a tract by the American Unitarian Association. Ever a theological progressive, with his face to the front, repudiating as sharply as any one the reactionary spirit that is now manifesting itself in fundamentalism, nevertheless, Dr. Gannett, in ardent sympathy with the liberals in evangelical churches who are trying to reshape the older faith to conform to our modern knowledge, and with a clear perception of their peculiar difficulties and besetting temptations, was a herald and prophet from the Unitarian side—not always understood by the less imaginative and sympathetic of his brethren—of that United Liberal Church which, it is most devoutly to be hoped, may issue at length from our present discontents.

Finally, what of Dr. Gannett as a poet and hymn-writer? He belongs to that small but precious band of mystic singers, the poets who had and voiced the

Unity Church, Hinsdale, Ill.

very heart of religion, "the life of God in the soul of man." He stands with George Herbert and Henry Vaughan of an older time, with Samuel Longfellow and Samuel Johnson, his elder contemporaries, and above all, with his friend Frederick Hosmer. None saw the heavenly vision more clearly than did he. Less gifted, perhaps, purely as a hymn-writer than Dr. Hosmer, who stands firmly with the immortals in this line, Dr. Gannett's poetry has a wider range and a fuller humanity. It touches many notes of natural beauty and spiritual reality. It celebrates many aspects of human life,—birth, childhood, marriage, "the dear togetherness," "death as friend." It sings of God, duty, and immortality,—most and best of God. Among all the poems, two seem to me to stand out pre-eminent, though such a choice is hard to make and harder still to justify to those who love so many of the others. Both are poems of the indwelling God,—"Sunday on the Hilltop" and "He Hides within the Lily." The first gives us the faith of the transcendental youth, faith in the close and immanent presence of the Divine Life in all things, from lichen to man. The second ranks with Professor Carruth's "Each in His Own Tongue," as among the best settings in verse of evolution religiously interpreted.

In his later years Dr. Gannett suffered from a gradually growing deafness. Otherwise, until a few months ago, he enjoyed remarkably good health. His hair and beard became snowy white, and one realized that he was one of the patriarchs. His outstanding quality was saintliness. Let us apply to him, as he disappears from our earthly vision, those words that Baron Bunsen used of Channing, whose name our friend so worthily bore. Bunsen, who knew whereof he spoke, called Channing "that grand Christian saint and man of God." No words could more suitably describe his younger namesake, William Channing Gannett.

ALL'S WELL.

For many years Dr. Gannett cherished the following poem by David Atwood Wasson. During the last weeks of his life Dr. Gannett memorized the poem that he might recite it to himself during the long wakeful night watches.

Sweet voiced Hope, thy fine discourse
  Foretold not half life's good to me:
Thy painter, Fancy, hath not force
  To show how sweet it is to be!
    Thy witching dream
    And pictured scheme
To match the fact still want the power:
    Thy promise brave
    From birth to grave
Life's boon may beggar in an hour.

Ask and receive,—'tis sweetly said:
  Yet what to plead for, know I not;
For Wish is worsted, Hope o'ersped,
  And aye to thanks returns my thought.
    If I would pray,
    I've naught to say
But this, that God may be God still;
    For him to live
    Is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish his will.

O wealth of life beyond all bound!
  Eternity each moment given!
What plummet may the Present sound?
  Who promise a *future* heaven?
    Or glad, or grieved,
    Oppressed, relieved,
In blackest night, or brightest day,
    Still pours the flood
    Of golden good,
And more than heartfull fills me aye.

My wealth is common; I possess
  No petty province, but the whole:
What's mine alone is mine far less
  Than treasure shared by every soul.
    Talk not of store,
    Millions or more,—
Of values which the purse may hold,—
    But this divine!
    I own mine
Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold.

I have a stake in every star,
  In every beam that fills the day;
All hearts of men my coffers are,
  My ores arterial tides convey;
    The fields, the skies,
    And sweet replies
Of thought to thought are my gold-dust,—
    The oaks, the brooks,
    And speaking looks
Of lovers' faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow
  For him who lives above all years,
Who all-immortal makes the Now,
  And is not ta'en in Time's arrears:
    His life's a hymn
    The seraphim
Might hark to hear or help to sing,
    And to his soul
    The boundless whole
Its bounty all doth daily bring.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith;
  "The wealth I am, must thou become:
Richer and richer, breath by breath,—
  Immortal gain, immortal room!"
    And since all his
    Mine also is,
Life's gift outruns my fancies far,
    And drowns the dream
    In larger stream,
As morning drinks the morning-star.

First Unitarian Church, Rochester, N. Y.

National Federation of Religious Liberals

AFFILIATED:

1—American Unitarian Association

2—Central Conference of American Rabbis

3—Universalist General Convention

4—General Conference of the Religious Society of Friends

5—Various Independent Societies

6—Liberal Individuals

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The ferment within the evangelical churches gives the National Federation of Religious Liberals an unparalleled opportunity. Evangelical ministers in increasing number are applying for admission to the liberal church fellowships. We ought to increase our efforts to help these men in their quest for greater freedom and wider usefulness.

The present-day discussion of religious issues in the journals and daily papers calls for more and better religious literature written from the point of view of modern science and the wider social outlook. We ought to multiply our efforts to supply such literature in quantities sufficient to meet the needs of the isolated liberals who are not now in touch with the liberal denominations.

Liberal churches in the smaller cities are asking us to conduct "Religious Institutes" in their communities for the purpose of meeting the growing interest in religious questions. Wherever tried such Institutes have been uniformly successful. Liberal ministers and professors are willing to devote their spare time to this cause. We ought to keep such work in constant progress throughout the country.

Our possibilities are limited only by the funds available. In this time of great need, the generosity of our constituency is the measure of our strength. Contributions of five dollars or more annually from each friend of the Federation would make possible speedy and effective action. We are attempting to secure a minimum fund of $100,000. The following pledge card is self-explanatory. We hope to hear from every reader of UNITY.

Pledge

In order to advance the cause of freedom and progress in religion, to combat intolerance and injustice, and to provide a fellowship beyond the lines of sect and creed and race, and in consideration of similar pledges by others, I hereby promise to pay to the Federation of Religious Liberals $..... annually for five years.

I enclose herewith $..... to be applied on the above.

I enclose herewith $..... in full payment of the above.

Name .....

Street .....

Date ..... 192 City ..... State.....

Mail Pledge and Contribution *at once* to National Federation of Religious Liberals, Curtis W. Reese, Chairman Executive Committee, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago.